

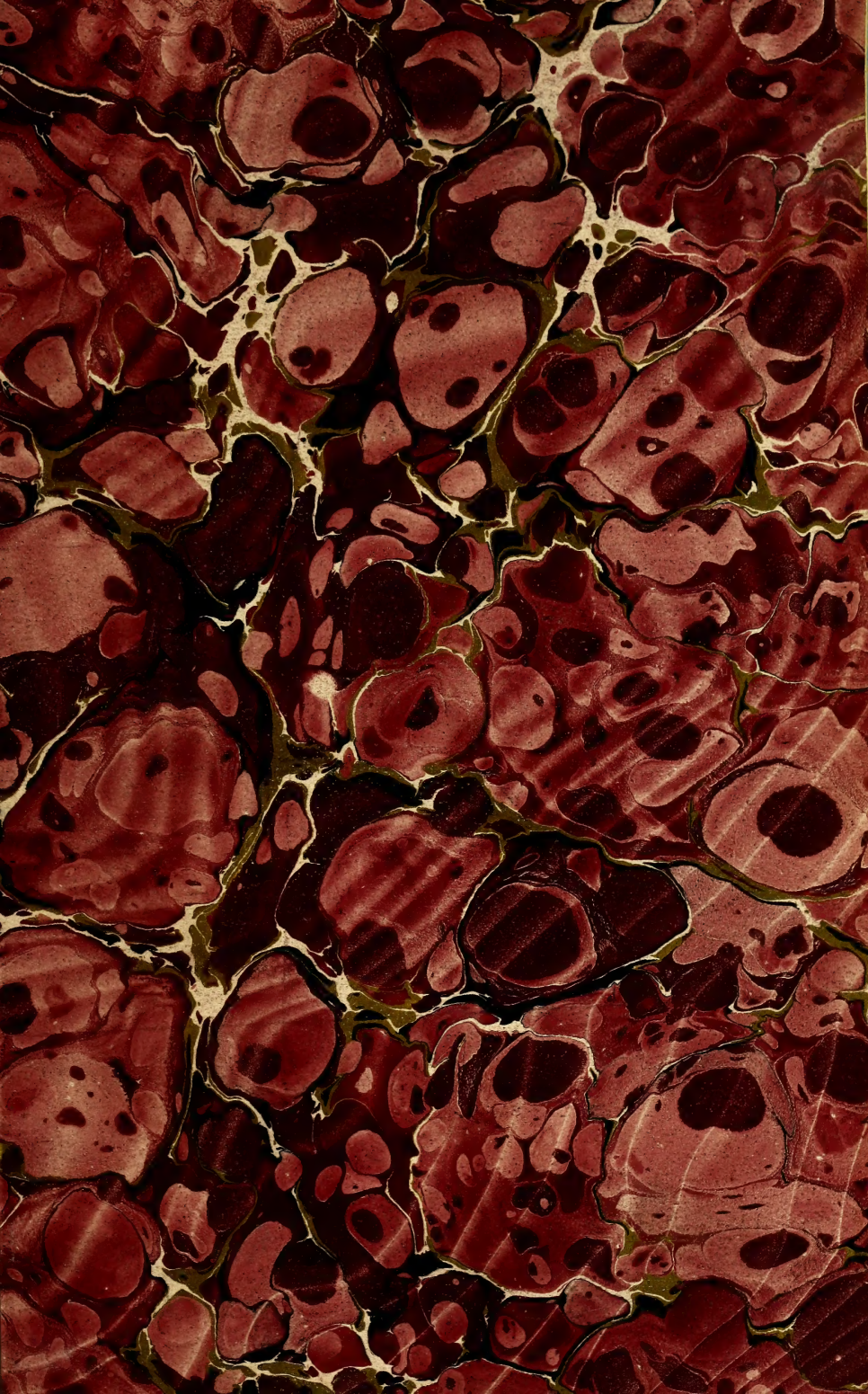


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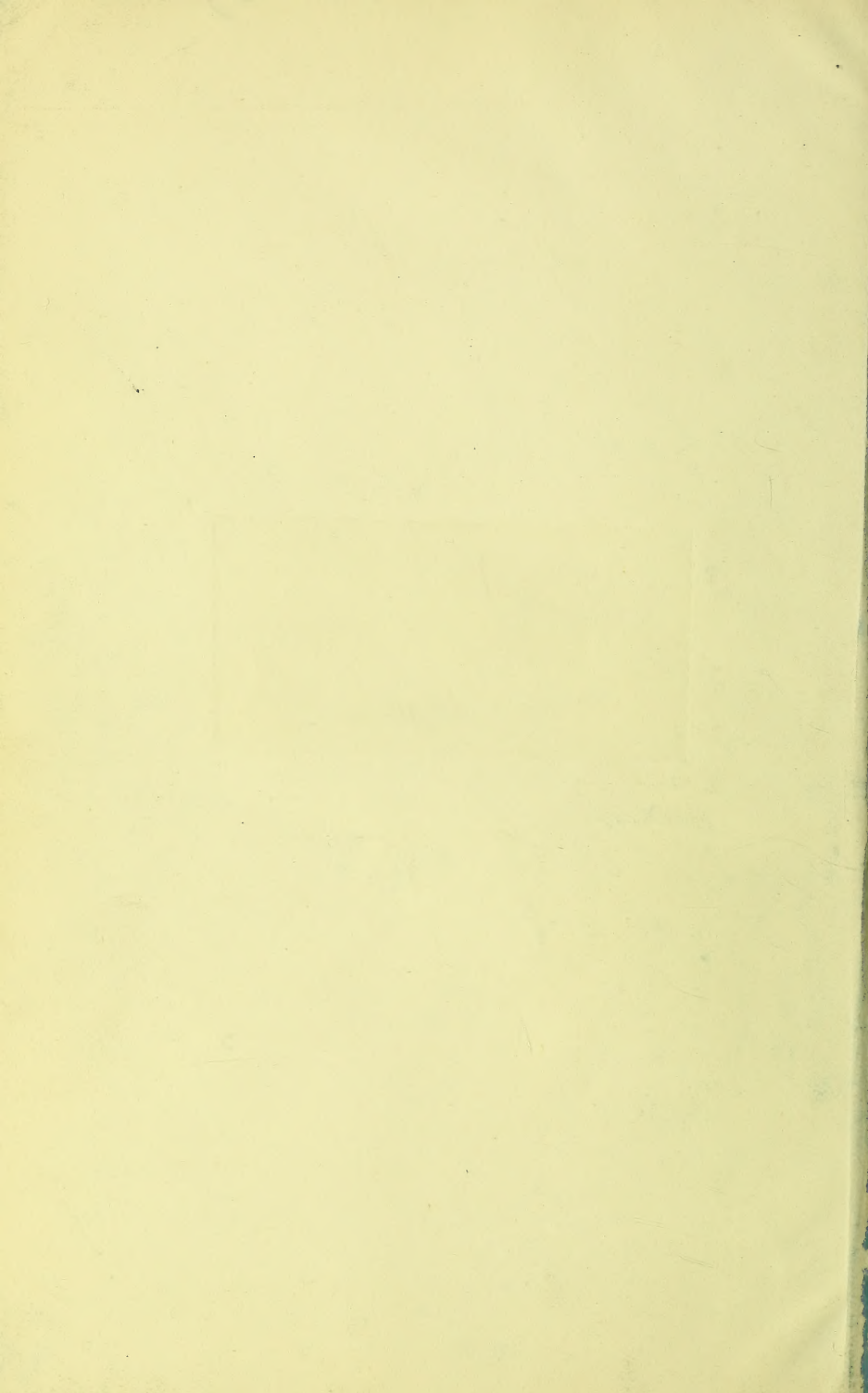






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NUGÆ METRICÆ.









To Dr. Sutherland  
with the kindest regards from the Author

# NUGÆ METRICÆ:

BY


SIR H. H., BART., M.D.

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NOT PUBLISHED.

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## PREFACE.

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MOST of the following trifles were written in the carriage, and served to beguile the tedium of many a long day spent in my professional pursuits. The resource was suggested in a conversation with the late Lord Grenville, who, after having been occupied incessantly in politics for nearly thirty years, was seized by illness, and confined to his arm-chair a great part of the remainder of his life. In this state I always found him not tranquil and cheerful only, as I might have expected from his habitual piety, but amused; and on my asking him the secret of this happy peculiarity, he answered, “ I go back to my classics, Sir.” The next day he sent me a copy of *His* “ *Nugæ Metricæ*,” printed, but not published, containing original exercises and translations, which bespeak a happy facility of composition, and a correct taste. I thought

I could not do better than imitate such an example, and provide myself with a similar resource, connected with reminiscences of these early delightful studies, whenever my own power of further exertion should be terminated by age, or interrupted by such disease as might leave me in possession of my faculties.

H. H.

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NUGÆ METRICÆ.



*Dirge in Cymbeline.*—COLLINS.

---

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.  
No wailing ghost shall dare appear,  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove ;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.  
No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew ;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.  
The redbreast oft at evening hour  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss and gather'd flower  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.  
When howling winds and beating rain  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell,  
Or midst the chase, on ev'ry plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.  
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,  
For thee the tear be duly shed,  
Beloved, till life can charm no more,  
And mourn'd till Pity's self be dead.

Ritè tuum ad tumulum, dilecta Fidelia ! flores  
 Liliaque et violas purpureasque rosas,  
 Et quicquid dederit ver suavius, ordine tristi  
 Et nymphæ et juvenes dona suprema ferent.

Nulla leves turbare feris ululatibus umbras  
 Spectra, nec audebunt sollicitare locum ;  
 Ast hîc, fassa puella suos, et pastor amores,  
 Vota dabunt faciles, accipientque fidem.

Hîc nulli Lemures, obscœna Venefica nulla,  
 Ducent nocturnos, gens odiosa, choros ;  
 At Dryades, sylvæ mitissima turba, sepulcrum  
 Spargent rore novo, sole cadente, tuum.

Prestò erit et sociam miscere rubecula curam,  
 Vespere sub sero cum silet omne nemus ;  
 Ille, ubi cara jaces, viridi sub cespite, Virgo !  
 Frondibus et musco condecorabit humum.

Cum tempestates cœlique tonitrua terrent,  
 Ventorumque ruit vis, agitatque lares ;  
 Cum sylvas inter venando ludimus, ad te  
 Mens redit, ad fidam fida memorque tui.

Ah ! quoties tua forma mihi, loca sola petenti,  
 Obvia se comitem fert, lacrymasque ciet !  
 Flebilis heu ! dum vita placet, miserandaque semper,  
 Donec erit terris pulsus et exul Amor.

H. H.

*Stanzas on Woman.*—GOLDSMITH.

---

When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds, too late, that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,  
To hide her shame from every eye,  
To bring repentance to her lover,  
And wring his bosom—is—to die.

*From the Vicar of Wakefield.*

Si lapsa in vitium Virgo pulcherrima amantis  
Sit serò amissam flere coacta fidem,  
Dic, quibus illa modis possit mulcere dolorem,  
Quâ labem, infelix, eluat arte mali ?

Infelix ! quâ sola gravem lenire dolorem,  
Effugere opprobrium, dissimulare nefas,  
Flectere perjuri malefidum pectus amantis,  
Et lacerare potest, ars ea sola—mori.

H. H.



*Song from the Duenna.*—SHERIDAN.

---

Had I a heart for falsehood fram'd,  
I ne'er could injure you,  
For tho' your tongue no promise claim'd,  
Your charms would make me true.

Then, Lady, dread not here deceit,  
Nor fear to suffer wrong,  
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,  
And lovers in the young.

And when they find that you have bless'd  
Another with your heart,  
They'll bid aspiring passion rest,  
And act a brother's part.

Si violare fidem mihi cor proclivius esset,  
    Crede mihi, me non posse nocere tibi.  
Quamquam etenim tua verba fidem me nulla rogâssent,  
    Fecissent fidum forma decusque tuum.

Ergo pone metus, et fraudem parce vereri,  
    Neu timeas fictos in tua damna dolos :  
Cunctos nempe senes inter numerabis amicos,  
    Nec juvenis, qui te non amet, ullus erit.

Et cum te socio tandem devinxeris uni,  
    Protenùs ardentes, cætera turba, procî,  
Demittent æstum stimulosque Cupidinis omnes,  
    Fraternæque dabunt pignora amicitiae.

H. H.

POPE's *Epistle to Gay*,  
*who had congratulated him on having finished his  
 house and gardens at Twickenham.*

---

Ah friend ! 'tis true, this truth yon lovers know,  
 In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow ;  
 In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes  
 Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens ;  
 Joy lives not here—to happier seats it flies,  
 And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.  
 What are the gay parterre, the checquered shade,  
 The morning bower, the evening colonnade,  
 But soft recesses for uneasy minds,  
 To sigh unheard in to the passing winds ?  
 So the struck deer, in some sequestered part,  
 Lies down to die—the arrow at his heart ;  
 He stretch'd unseen, in coverts hid from day,  
 Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away !

Ah ! nam quid sit amor vos scitis, dicite amantes,  
 Quam, procùl a dominâ, gaudia nulla juvant.  
 Surgat ad astra domus, simuletque palatia, frustrà,  
 Hesperidum, frustrà, suavior hortus erit.  
 Frustrà, propter aquas, colles et amœna vireta  
 In vitreo Thamesis duplicat alta sinu.  
 Non hìc lætitiæ locus est, ea sola colenda  
 Quæ beat aspectu cara Maria suo.  
 Occiduo quid enim valuit mihi porticus, aut quid  
 Hortus et umbriferum sole oriente nemus ?  
 Quid nisi, quod tacito mens indulgere dolori  
 Saucia possit in his, et sine teste queri ?  
 Sic modò lethali transfixus arundine cervus  
 Sylvarum latebras, et loca tecta petit :  
 Ille inter gemitus miser et suspiria, tardâ  
 Guttatim effuso sanguine morte perit.

H. H.



The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?  
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,  
And licks the hand uprais'd to shed his blood.

*Pope.*

---

Me, let the tender office long engage  
To rock the cradle of reposing age;  
With lenient art extend a mother's breath,  
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,  
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And save awhile one parent from the sky.

*Pope.*

Anne dapes quem jàm poscunt, epulæque parandæ,  
 Provida si fuerit mens sibi, ludat ovis ?  
 Lætus ad extremum florentia pabula carpit,  
 Lambit et armatas in sua colla manus.

---

Sit pia cura mihi longùm invigilare senectæ,  
 Et matri somnos conciliare leves ;  
 Quâ possim eluctantem animam leni arte morari,  
 Et dulci alloquio fallere mortis iter.  
 Explorare velit quid mens incerta, cavere  
 In cœlum ut redeat serior una parens.

H. H.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die and go we know not where ;  
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;  
This sensible warm motion to become  
A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice :  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thoughts  
Imagine howling ! 'tis too horrible !  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
Which age, ach, penury, and imprisonment  
Can lay on nature, is a paradise  
To what we fear of death.

*Measure for Measure.* Act iii.

Attamen, heu ! quam triste mori ! nec quo sit eundum  
 Scire priùs—positum clausâ putrescere in arcâ ;  
 Membrorum sisti motus, alacremque vigorem  
 In luteam solvi molem—quam triste ! capacem  
 Lætitiæque jocique animam torrentibus uri  
 Ignibus, aut montis\* claudi glacialis in alveo ;  
 Suspensumve dari ventis, noctesque diesque  
 Hùc illùc, invisâ vi, turbantibus orbem.  
 Aut graviora pati, quam, quos cruciatibus actos  
 Tartareas implere feris ululatibus umbras,  
 Anxia mens hominum, mirum et miserabile ! finxit—  
 Horrendum ! quodcunque mali ferat ægra senectus,  
 Pauperiesve dolorve gravis, tractæve catenæ,  
 Omnia quæ possunt infestam reddere vitam,  
 Esse voluptates lætæ Elysiumque videntur  
 Spectanti mortem propè, venturamque timenti.

H. H.

\* An iceberg.



*Hamlet's Soliloquy on Life and Death.*

To be, or not to be, that is the question ;  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep—  
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die ;—to sleep—  
 To sleep !—perchance to dream ; ay, there's the rub ;  
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause : there's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear  
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;  
 But that the dread of something after death—  
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of.  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

*Hamlet.* Act iii.

*To be, or not to be, that is the question.*

---

Num vivam, moriarve omnis ! præstantius utrum  
 Esset, id in dubio est—num tela deceret iniquæ  
 Fortunæ, plagasque pati—num opponere pectus  
 Torrenti, finemque malis adhibere domando.  
 Quippe, mori—dormire,—interque oblivia somni  
 Quot mala cunque, silent vitæ, sævique dolores  
 Diffugiunt : miseris meta exoptanda laborum.  
 Quippe, mori—dormire—esto, dormire—sed ultrà  
 Quid ? quod si excipiant lethalem somnia noctem,  
 Cum semel exuerit vitiosæ carnis amictum  
 Conscia mens, culpasque vacet revocare priores,  
 Quotquot longa dies, nimium, fors, longa tulisset—  
 Hinc desiderium, terrorque hinc temporis acti !  
 Ni foret, annorum casus questusque senectæ,—  
 Turpe supercilium, atque odium crudele tyranni,  
 Ambagesque moramque fori, fastusque superbi  
 Prætoris, spretique inmitia tormina amoris,  
 Jactaque ab indignis convicia fœda merenti,  
 Quis tulerit ? quis qui miseram sibi sistere vitam  
 Posset acu ? quis clitellas sudare vehendo  
 Se sineret fassum ? nisi quod mens inscia fati,  
 Et perculsa metu venturi littore in illo  
 Unde redux nemo, vestigia nulla retrorsùm,  
 Hæreat, et notos malit tolerare labores,  
 Quam temerè in tenebras ruere, ignotumque futurum.  
 Sic facit ignavos omnes mens conscia, forti  
 Si quid inest animo durum, et par fortibus actis  
 Protenus ambiguæ meditantæ grandia curæ  
 Succedunt, validæ vires et mascula virtus  
 Pallescunt—incerta sibi mens quo sit eundum  
 Ægra manet, tandemque ingentibus excidit ausis.

H. H.

*Lines written by Langhorn under Mr. Bunbury's  
picture of the dead Soldier.*

[Sir Walter Scott had, once only, an interview with the poet Burns, whom he found wiping his eyes, having just read these lines.]

Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,  
Perhaps, that mourner weeps her warrior slain.  
Bends o'er her babe, her eyes o'erwhelm'd with dew,  
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,  
Gave the sad presage of his future years —  
The child of misery baptized in tears.

*Langhorn.*

Stricta gelu, lacrymisque madens, post proelia, mater  
Infantem tenero dum fovet alma sinu,  
Vulneribus cæsum dolet heu ! viduata maritum,  
Et tam dilecto se superesse viro.  
Incumbit puero lacrymans, puer inscius ipse  
Combibit admixtum lac lacrymasque simul,  
Ah ! puer, ah ! luctûs præsentia certa futuri,  
Nasceris in lacrymis, et moriere miser.

H. H.

*On a White Rose presented by the Duke of Clarence,  
a Yorkist, to the Lady Elizabeth Beauchamp, a  
Lancastrian lady—as the legend has it.*

If this white Rose offend thy sight,  
It in thy bosom wear,  
'Twill blush to find itself less white,  
And turn Lancastrian there.

*Congreve* is said to have added the following stanza:—

But if thy ruby lip it spy,  
To kiss it should'st thou deign,  
With envy pale 'twill lose its dye,  
And Yorkist turn again.

---

*On the death of a young Lady named Rose.*

Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles  
Choses ont le pire destin ;  
Et Rose vécut comme les roses  
L'espace d'un matin.



Si, mea Cara ! tibi rosa non arriserit alba,  
 Pone tuo nivibus candidiore sinu.  
 Tùm, minùs alba, dabit manifesti signa pudoris,  
 Atque erit ante oculos mox rosa rubra tuos.

Tu cave purpureis formosi gratia floris  
 Eliciat labris oscula crebra tuis,  
 Invida ne tanto vultusque orisque decore  
 Palleat, et fiat, quæ fuit, alba rosa.

---

Ah Rosa ! fata vocant et quicquid amabile, quicquid  
 Formosum, aut præstans sit, cadit ante diem ;  
 Tuque peris, velutì rosa, flos suavissimus horti,  
 Una dies flori contigit, una Rosæ.

H. H.

*Epitaph on an Infant.*—COLERIDGE.

---

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,  
Death came with friendly care,  
To heav'n the opening bud convey'd,  
And bade it blossom there.

Ante scelus gemmæ quam decussisset honorem,  
Aut possent curæ surripuisse decus,  
Lenitèr ad cœlum facili mors transtulit ictu,  
Inque suo jussit sese aperire solo.

H. H.

*Epigram by DR. DODDRIDGE,*

*on his Motto,*

*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

Live while you live, the Epicure would say,  
 And snatch the pleasures of the present day;  
 Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries,  
 And give to God each moment as it flies.  
 Lord! in my view let both united be!—  
 I live in pleasure when I live to Thee!

Dr. Johnson has called this one of the best epigrams  
 in the English language.

*Dum vivimus, vivamus.*

Carpe voluptates, et dum licet, arripe luxus  
Quot ferat hora fugax ; sic Epicurus ait.  
Carpe diem, magnâ testatur voce Sacerdos,  
Et totum corpus cede animamque Deo.  
Sit tua jussa sequi, Deus o ! mihi summa voluptas,  
Tùm laudem monito lætus utrique dabo.

H. H.



*Two of the rejected Stanzas of Gray's Elegy in a  
Country Churchyard.*

---

And thou ! who mindful of the unhonour'd dead,  
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,  
By night and lonely contemplation led,  
To wander in the gloomy walks of fate ;

Hark ! how the sacred calm that breathes around  
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease,  
In still small accents whispering from the ground  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

*See Mason's Life of Gray.*

Tuque memor ! sortem ingenuo qui carmine narras  
Funtorum vitâ, temerè et sine honore jacentûm  
Cum contemplari juvet, et, crescentibus umbris,  
Nocte sepultorum solus peragrare recessus,

Audin' ? ut hîc sancto afflatu, tranquillior æther  
Temperet effrænos animi quoscunque tumultus,  
Dum tenue assurgens viridi de cespite murmur  
Dat grata æternæ tandèm præsagia pacis.

H. H.

Thomas! because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed:—Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

---

I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.

*Job.*

Tu, quia vidisti, credis—felicior ille  
 Cui non visa fidem vulnera nostra cient.

---

Esse Redemptorem agnosco, cunctisque daturum  
 Jus, illo quotquot sint fuerintve die.  
 Et licèt absumar prorsùs, tellure repostus,  
 Vermibus, haud ullâ parte manente mei,  
 Ipse meis, tamen ipse oculis, coramque videbo,  
 Vestitusque iterùm carne, videbo Deum.

H H.

*Lines suggested by Mr. Haydon's picture of Buonaparte, in the possession of Sir Robert Peel. Buonaparte is represented as standing at the edge of the rock at St. Helena, with his arms folded,—contemplating a white sail in the horizon. His back turned towards the spectator—the sun setting.*

Tristis, iners, solusque abrupto in limite rupis,  
 Stat circumspiciens Exul, si fortè ratem quam  
 Unda vekat, redivit spem, perfugiumque ferentem.  
 Circùm cuncta silent, non vox, non murmura ponti  
 Percepta, occiduas dum Sol se condit in undas.  
 Ah miser !—Ille diem referens vitamque resurget  
 Splendidior cras, mane novo—Tu sanguine fuso,  
 Criminibusque satur, solio detrusus ab alto,  
 Divulsusque tuis, velut sub rupe Prometheus  
 Fixus inaccessâ, morbo vexatus et irâ  
 Conficiêre, miser ! mortemque optabis acerbam.

H. H.

*Puella febre hecticâ consumpta.*

Quænam illa insomni vultu suspiria ducens,  
 Sternitur incompto lassa puella toro ?  
 Quam pictas suffusa genas, oculosque nitentes,  
 Quam labia insolito plena rubore tument !  
 Qualis in ore color, quam non conscripta per artus,  
 It flamma, ut molli subrubet ulna rosâ !  
 Non tale erubuit, juveni cum adstaret amato,  
 Cynthia lapsa polo, non Venus orta mari.  
 Virgo nimis formosa vale ! quæ sufficit ignes  
 Vix tremulum accendens lampada febris alit.  
 Virgo brevi peritura vale ! ne crede colori,  
 Mox  fata rosasque legent.  
 Jamque adeò nitor ille oculi, decor iste labelli  
 Aufugit, impressumque osculum in ore riget.

H. H



*From Beaumont and Fletcher's Play of Bonduca.*

[The Prince Hengo, who has been wounded, asks  
where he shall go when he dies.]

Inscius ipse adeò lethi, sortisque futuræ,  
Regius instanti lapsus ab hoste puer,  
Has præfert patriis, dum palmas tendit inermes,  
Numinibus, fausto non satîs ore, preces.  
Quænam adeunda mihi longâ dum in nocte quiescam,  
Quæ loca, cum mihi mors clausurit atra diem?  
Numquid in Elysiâ tum demùm valle morari  
Non licet, et proavûm me sociare choris?  
Uror enim dum me invicti Caractaci imago  
Sollicitat secum gloriæ inire viam.  
Ergone tempus erit cum me Bonduca nepotem,  
Et cui supremo in lumine frater ego  
Oscula figi, iterùm agnoscant? dehinc alter ab illis  
Umbra lubens vestros Hengus adibo locos.

H. H.

The envious snows came down in haste  
To prove her neck less fair—  
But when they found themselves surpass'd,  
Dissolv'd into a tear.

Invida nix alpina Chloes candoris in ipsum  
Descendit nudum præcipitata sinum,  
Tum victæ aspectu, quin! O! quin cedimus, aiunt,  
Et simul in lacrymas dissolvere nives.

H. H.

*The following Latin inscription was given by Dr. Jortin as an antique, to try the criticism of the learned.*

Quæ te sub tenerâ rapuerunt Pæta juventâ  
Ah! utinàm me crudelia fata vocent,  
Ut linquam terras invisaque lumina Solis,  
Utque tuus rursùm corpore sim posito.  
Tu cave Lethæo continguas ora liquore,  
Et citò venturi sis memor, oro, viri.  
Te sequar obscurum per iter, dux ibit eunti  
Fidus amor tenebras lampade discutiens.

*Dr. Jortin.*

Ah Pæta, would but fate, whose cruel doom  
Condemns thy charms so early to the tomb,  
Let me be number'd with the silent dead,  
And mine be re-united with thy shade !  
O, let no drop of that oblivious sea  
Approach thy lips, nor cease to think on me.  
I come ! I come ! Love shall his torch display,  
Lead where thou art, and light the gloomy way.

H. H.

*Inscription—for a Mausoleum.*

Stranger ! by curious contemplation led,  
 Whoe'er thou art, this solemn scene to tread,  
 May no compunctious visitings annoy,  
 No unrepented sins thy peace destroy,—  
 No passing day wound with a Parthian dart,—  
 But ev'ry hour fresh blessedness impart !  
 Yet,—should some vice, indulg'd without control,  
 Peril thy future bliss, enthrall thy soul,  
 O ! go not hence till thou hast sternly vow'd  
 To sin no more—to thy Creator bow'd  
 In contrite sorrow, and His aid implor'd,  
 Who died—that sinful man to God might be restor'd !

H. H.

















